University Archives

NEWS

Smoking outlawed.

May 1st is butt out day at Erindale.

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LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

Erindale's pens and things of a similar nature, so long as they are used to write stuff...

page 7-9

SPORTS

Gala ECARA banquet honours Erindale athletes. Page 14

medium II

Erindale's Student Voice

VOL. 14, ISSUE 23 | Tuesday, March 29 , 1988 | Circulation7,000

Lean, mean Caribbean queens!

Photos: Norman Saunders

Smart set: The Erindale Caribbean Club presented some hot fashions at their show in the Meeting Place last Friday. Above are three examples

FEATURES

CFRE: broadcasting in style. Page 10 & 11

ENTERTAINMENT

League of Nations **and Georgia *Satallites* at Erindale.** Page 12

NEWS

Campaign for frosh. Page 2

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NEWS

NEWS IN BRIEF

SUMMER JOBS

Once again this year, the Canada Employment Centre for Students (CECS) will be located at Erindale College in the North Building (rm. 131) and will be open Monday to Friday from 8:30 a.m. to 4:30 p.m. beginning April 13. Students fill out registration cards, check the job boards, find a suitable posting and then meet with a student placement officer to discuss being referred to the job.

ERINDALE SCIENCE

On April 9 and 10 Erindale College will hold its annual SCIENCE EXPO on this campus. The science open house will feature: access to the Greenhouse, guided tours, science lectures, and demonstrations. Admission is free.

SOMEONE NEEDS YOU TO LISTEN

Distress Line Peel, a telephone service, is staffed by volunteers who listen and assist individuals who are in emotional despair or who are in need of information regarding community and social agencies. Volunteers come from all educational backgrounds and are screened and trained to listen productively. More volunteers are needed. Call 278-7055.

ALUMNI AWARDS

The University of Toronto Alumni Association (UTAA) has selected Trinity student Paul D. Paton as this year's recipient of the John H. Moss Scholarship, an award based on demonstrated academic ability, participation in university activities, and character. The award is worth $12 000. The Association's other winner is Professor C.C. Gotlieb, who is this year's Faculty Club recipient. Professor Gotlieb helped create the University's Department of Computer Science.

ELECTION INVALID

Just when you thought Erindale had the most controversial elections... The unconstitutional use of proxies in the Woodsworth College Student Association (WCSA) elections has led to the chief returning officer claiming it invalid. In the WCSA election, 13 votes were cast by proxy, a practice not mentioned in their constitution. Until new elctions can be held, WCSA will be without a student executive.

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- **The General Medical Council of the United Kingdom** officially recognized St. George's University School of Medicine on February 9, 1988. This recognition allows graduates of St. George's to do postgraduate training in Great Britain.
- Over 700 St. George's students have transferred to U.S. medical schools. More than 1,275 graduates; licensed in 44 states; hold faculty positions in over 25 U.S. medical schools; 25% have been chief residents in 119 U.S. hospitals (according to a 1986 survey).

For information please contact:
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Recruitment gets aggressive

by Finn Lovsted

Fierce competition among Ontario universities for a decreasing secondary school student population is forcing Erindale to act.

Recommendations for a $20,000 brochure campaign to lure students to the campus and the hiring of an extra liaison officer were approved in principle by Erindale College Council (ECC) last week.

"We've made a strong recommendation that what Erindale has to do is put its money where its mouth is," said Professor R. Cummins, who chairs the Academic Affairs Committee which forwarded the suggestions at last Thursday's ECC meeting.

"If what we want is the best students, then we're going to have to go out there and recruit them," Cummins said.

The brochure campaign has already received $8,000 from a special account controlled by the principals and deans.

The six, four-colour brochures, playing on the theme "A Great Tradition" are meant to prevent a loss of "market share" to other universities, who already send liaison officers to the twenty three Public and five Catholic secondary schools in Halton and Peel regions.

" We're in the middle of one of the hottest areas in Ontario for recruiting," Erindale's only liaison officer, Doug Leeies said. "Peel and Halton are two of the few regions in Ontario with a growing school age population."

Over the next five years, the "student pool" Ontario universities draw their own students from is predicted to decline.

Erindale is greatly outgunned on the recruiting range by other universities of similar size.

"Wilfrid Laurier University does the most extensive research. They've literally put out a brochure for every program," Leeies said. "It would be nice to have more than six brochures, but I've never had any illusions of getting $50,000."

"What galls me is reading in local newspapers that Wilfrid Laurier University has night courses in high schools in Mississauga," Cummins said, explaining that certain universities have already set up shop on Erindale's turf.

photo: Norman Saunders

Professor R. Cummins, Chair of the Acacemic Affairs Committe. More resources will be allocated to recruitment

Psychology limits to be enforced at Erindale: St. George students may be turned away

by Kerry McBride

A proposal has been made to limit enrolment in psychology courses at Erindale.

The proposal was moved by the Academic Affairs Committee at their meeting on March 8. The proposal consists of four major points

•Erindale students will asways have first access to all psychology courses offered at the Erindale campus.

•Enrolment in an Erindale psychology course may never under any circumstances exceed the seating capacity of the classroom in which the course meets.

•Whenever enrolment is limited in a St. George Campus psychology course, the psychology faculty group at Erindale will determine how many, if any, students from other campuses can be admitted to the comparable Erindale course.

This determination will be based on academic considerations about the desirable size of the course, Erindale enrolment demand, the availability of teaching staff on the Erindale Campus, and the availability of funds and people to provide teaching assistance.

For psychology courses with limited enrolment on the St. George Campus, admission to the comparable Erindale courses will occur via a balloting procedure based on cumulative grade point average (GPA).

If the number of students from other campuses seeking admission to an affected Erindale psychology course exceeds the number of available places for such students, the predetermined number of students with the highest GPA will be admitted.

The problem has come about due to "staff shortages in psychology on the St. George Campus", explained Professor Alloway.

The situation for the 200-level courses will be limited to psychology majors and specialists from the St. George Campus and to downtown students who have achieved seventy percent or better in PSY 100.

Professor Robinson, Chair of ECC's Executive Committee, asked if there would be a cut-off to second year psychology students based upon first year performance. The reply was,"the psychology department feels that Erindale students should have access to second year courses with no limitations but class size."

Since neither the St. George nor Scarborough campuses have a GPA cut-off, Robinson believes that it would be unfair for Erindale to adopt such a practice.

The possibility of limiting third year courses will be discussed by the psychology department later this month.

And then there was one...

The last issue of *medium II* is next week.
Call us or drop by with the scoop (or poop)
828-5260 Room 18 Crossroads

BANNED!

Smoking is outlawed at Erindale as of May 1, but problems are already forseen with enforcement and tempers of staff, students, and faculty.

by Maura Crowther

Students, faculty and staff were given an opportunity to voice their concerns regarding Erindale's Smoking Policy at an open forum held in the Council Chambers last week.

In accordance with U of T policy, as passed by Governing Council on January 21, a committee on Air Quality presented its proposal for the implementation of a ban on smoking at the College.

Committee Chair, Clive Horsfall (Manager, Technical Research Services) outlined at the forum a phase-by-phase plan for putting the new policy in place.

As of May 1, smoking will not be allowed in any classroom, lecture theatre, meeting or conference room, teaching and research laboratory, workshop, storeroom, library, elevator, washroom, corridor, kitchen, cafeteria, lounge or other area as indicated by signs.

This includes the Meeting Place.

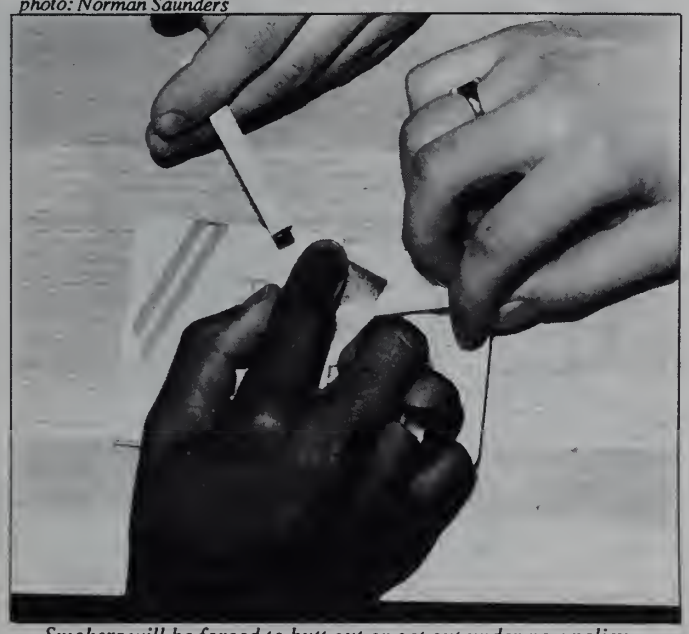
A designated smoking area will be created, however, in the space behind the stage in the Meeting Place. This area will be walled off and ventilated by a fan to be installed in one of the windows.

According to University policy, a smoking area must be on a ventilation system that is seperate from that which circulates air through the rest of the building.

The May 1 phase of the smoking policy will also include the removal of all cigarette vending machines. Horsfall indicated, however, that cigarettes will continue to be available at the Tuck Shop, over which ECC has no jurisdiction.

The smoking policy's second phase will come into place on September 1, with a general ban on smoking except in designated smoking areas. According to the Air Quality committee's Draft Proposal on Smoking Policy, "the ultimate goal is a totally smoke-free environment".

photo: Norman Saunders



Smokers will be forced to butt out or get out under new policy

Towards this end, the committee is presently examining the feasibility of subsidizing 'stop smoking' programs at the College during the implementation period.

The cost of such programs would be partially underwritten by the University for faculty and staff only.

Students who wish to enroll in a smoking cessation program will have to pay their own way unless ECSU or ECC decide to include them in the subsidized programs.

Attendance at the forum by smokers was particularly poor. Professor G.R Thaler was the most vocal opponent of the smoking ban present at the forum. It was Thaler's contention that, "We're living in cloud cuckoo land if we believe this (policy) is going to eliminate smoking."

Thaler also expressed his belief that, "a private office occupied by one person with the doors closed cannot present significant danger to non-smokers."

M.K. Hanna of the Registrar's Office questioned the proposal's enforcability, asking Horsfall what action could be taken against, " a tenure professor who insists upon smoking in his office."

In response to this, Horsfall suggested that the application of "moral persuasion" should be sufficient to gain compliance with the policy in such an instance.

He noted, however, that, unlike Toronto, Mississauga does not have a municipal by-law to back up the smoking ban.

The committee's recommendations will be presented to ECC for ratification, and although universal compliance with the ban on smoking cannot be immediately expected, it is Horsfall's hope that as societal condemnation of smoking mounts, peer pressure will force smokers to eliminate their addiction.

ECC: Erindale budget cut, student survey to expand

by Jennifer Baxter

At the last meeting of the Erindale College Council (ECC) held on March 24, the Principal's Report announced that the college has been allocated a very small budget cut of 0.11% and that we have not yet heard how other divisions have fared.

Other items on the agenda included the announcement that Professor Socoix of the St. George Political Science Department, has been chosen as the Associate Dean of Social Sciences.

Also discussed were current reforms in the governing structure which will be published in an Advisory Report to the Governing Council in a March 28 Special Bulletin.

These reforms include the establishment of an academic board and an academic affairs committee.

The academic affairs committee will consist of some seventy eight teaching staff members, one third of whom will be appointed, with the remaining two thirds as elected postions.

Erindale's positions on the committee will be comprised of the Principal and three elected faculty members.

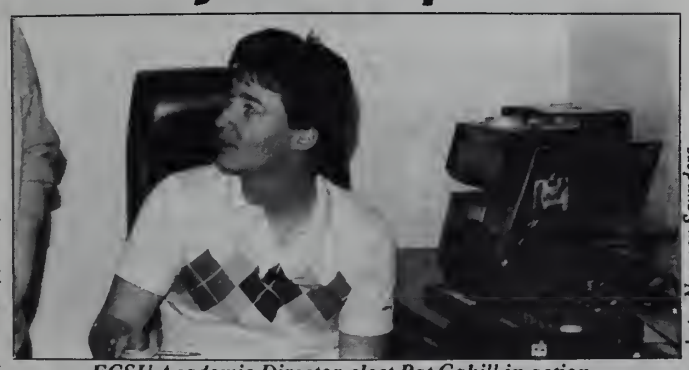


photo: Norman Saunders

ECSU Academic Director-elect Pat Cahill in action

One of this board's functions will be the examination of the university budget.

At the ECC meeting proposal by the Committee on Recruiting and Administrative Response was passed as was the proposal for limiting enrolment in second year psychology courses.

A motion by the Academic Affairs Committee to change the date by which instructors must grade and return a significant piece of work to students also received approval from ECC.

It was decided to extend the Student Opinion Survey so that it will include all summer courses and the February Admissions Program.

Unmentioned at the meeting was the fact that Pat Cahill, ECSU Academic Director-elect plans to create an Anti-calendar, based on the course survey and evaluation.

A report on the program itself was delivered in which the February admission system was deemed to have been a success in its first year of implementation.

There are presently ninety eight students in the program, the majority of whom are taking two full course equivalents.

The administration expects that the potential of the program is yet to be realized and that a larger applicant pool can be expected in coming years due to the OAC program coming into effect in Ontario high schools.

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Canada

THE CANADIAN ARMED FORCES

medium II

PERSPECTIVE

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How about a fair shake?

Some of us at this college (campus?) are wondering what we have to do to get some respect from that mysterious beast we lovingly refer to as "downtown".

Why, you ask, do we feel this way?

Because we have very little representation downtown. The Students' Administrative Council (SAC) basically ignores us, the Arts and Science Students' Union (ASSU) does not even represent us, and Governing Council meets at Erindale every second year as a goodwill gesture. Current GC reforms will give Erindale some say in academic matters university-wide, but what about business affairs?

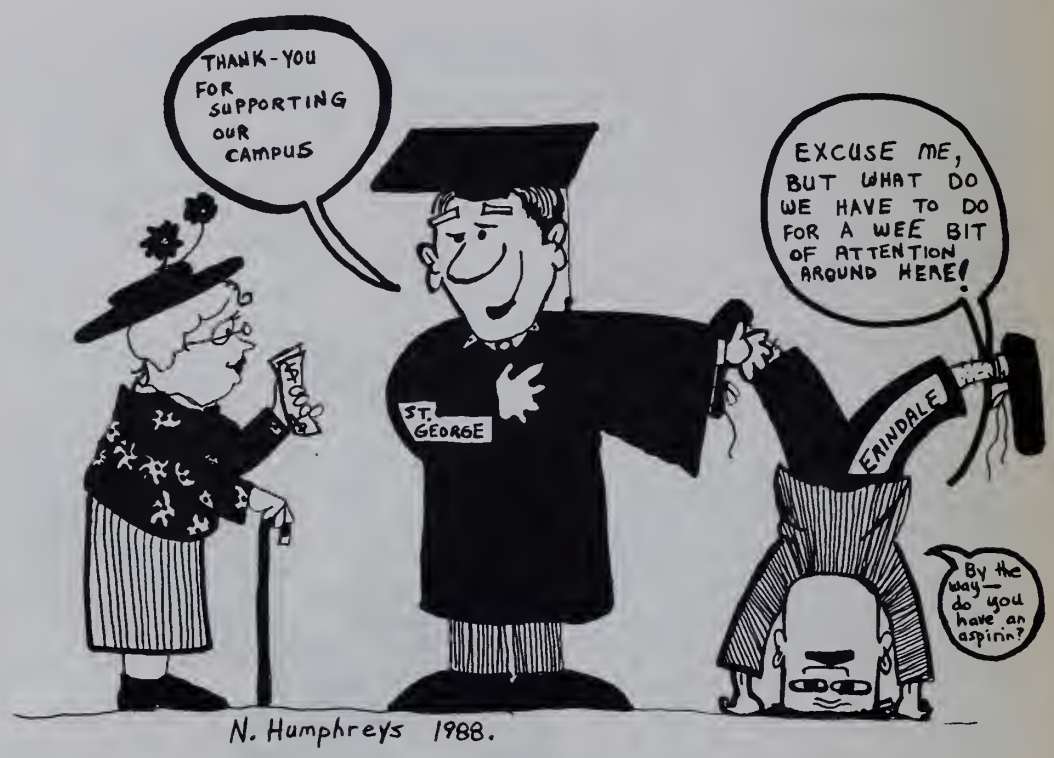
Because we do not get our fair share of the dollars at this institution. The university recently received $9.1 million to build an addition to the Faculty of Applied Science and Engineering. Erindale received none of this money. The university is entering a $100 million fundraising campaign. Erindale comprises 10% of the population at U of T, but will only receive 3% of the campaign's dollars. Furthermore, we must collect the $3 million on our own. What recognition! We are fully capable of deciding how much money we need, what we do need help with is raising it.

St. George may argue that their buildings are older than ours, and that they need an injection of capital to update them, but Erindale's funds got cut off in the infancy stages of construction. Just take a look at the original master plans for this place. If you do you will come to the conclusion that we should be high on the capital expenditure list.

Because we have NO control over how much money we receive from that other mysterious black hole, Simcoe Hall. We must rely on their generosity, which has been less than overwhelming lately.

Because there is this perception, real or imagined, that downtown does not care about us; that it only cares about its own beloved campus. This perception should be considered, and rectified.

So how about some respect for good old Erindale? About $10 million worth would be sufficient!


THANK-YOU FOR SUPPORTING OUR CAMPUS
EXCUSE ME, BUT WHAT DO WE HAVE TO DO FOR A WEE BIT OF ATTENTION AROUND HERE!
ST. GEORGE
ERINDALE
By the way— do you have an aspirin?
N. Humphreys 1988.

medium II news

Whoops!! The annual meeting tomorrow will be held in room 2068, not 3129, and will commence at 4:00 p.m., not the originally scheduled 3:00 p.m.

BE THERE!!

There will be a by-election for the vacant position of Photography Editor on Wednesday April 6, 1988. Applications must be received by the Editor-in-Chief by Tuesday March 29. A forum for all candidates will be held at Medium II Publications' Annual Meeting, on Wednesday March 30, at 4:00 p.m. in Room 2068 (the one with the fireplace.)

Contributors

Production Assistant: Maura Crowther **Typesetting:** Anna Butt, Maura Crowther, Jill Dawson, Derrick Hempel **Artwork:** Nadine Humphreys **News:** Jennifer Baxter, Maura Crowther, Cathy Dyment, Carolyn Jackson, Finn Lovsted, Kerry McBride **Features:** Dana Warmington **Entertainment:** Lenard Berman, Jennifer Coward, Maura Crowther, Hywel Morgan **Photography:** Gordon Doherty, Stephen Parry, Andrine Spence

There's people here at 3 a.m.!! This is a first. Thanks for the good times!

L E T T E R S

Letters Policy

medium II is an open forum for the Erindale College community, but reserves the right to edit letters for brevity, sexist, racist, or libellous comments, or attacks of a strictly personal nature.

All letters must be typed, signed, and include a phone number for verification purposes. Letters must reach *medium II* at or before Noon the Friday before publication. Letters should be no longer than 300 words.

Send all your correspondance to: The Editor, *medium II* 3359 Mississauga Rd. N., Mississauga, Ont. L5L 1C6, or send it inter-campus mail. *medium II* also has a mail box at the Erindale College Student Union.

Will Erindale's parking problems ever go away?

Dear Editor:

This letter is in response to a March 15 letter regarding student parking.

Although I can sympathize with this student's complaint, I would like to extend this complaint to the unfortunate residence students that have purchased a yellow sticker for a spot at the west side of lot 5.

The west side of lot 5 is reserved for residence students only! According to regulation 2.4 of the parking and traffic regulations, this lot (along with lots 6 and 7 for residents in phases 1 and 2), is the only lot residence students may park in. In other words, when I try to find a spot to park, and find that there are none available (which is often the case), I am forced to create a new spot.

Although this situation is most disturbing, it is sometimes amusing to watch people drive their cars around lot 5 three or four times before they finally come to the realization that there are no spots available.

The maddening part is when they decide they will take a spot on the residence side, as opposed to driving down to lot 4 where I am sure they would find a spot.

Well GEE! The nerve of me to suggest that students drive for an extra 15 seconds to get to lot 4, and I'm sure it's at least an extra 2 minutes walk to the south building from down there.

Well, personally, I would like to see people exercising their legs a little more and taking the extra walk. These people could also learn to exercise their minds a little while taking this walk, because it is obvious they don't think much as they circle round and round lot 5 in their neverending search of a parking spot.

In response to the student's comment on the police taking a spot in this lot from time to time, he/she may have a point. However, if they didn't have to spend so much time there giving out tickets to students who are illegally parked, then this problem would most likely be solved.

Fed up too!
Richard Robertson

Time to address inconsistencies in interfaculty refereeing

Dear Editor:

I am writing in reference to the article about refereeing by Bruce Seago and the letter by Joe Saldhua.

As a Current Level 2 hockey referee I can't sympathize with the current referee problem. Very early in the year I applied to the Department of Athletics and Recreation as a volleyball and hockey referee, to be contacted only by the volleyball department. It seemed that the hockey department wasn't interested in another referee.

The reasons I feel that I must voice my opinion is that it is not only hockey where we see poor refereeing. Interfaculty volleyball also sees its own poor share of refereeing from downtown referees.

Why is it that Erindale College can supply you with an umpire and a referee, yet when you travel from here to downtown you are lucky to even receive a referee. This was evident at least 3 times this year, where the Div. 2 team voyaged downtown only to referee their own games.

One last point is that if referees can not give up one weekend of their time to learn HOW to referee properly, should they be refereeing at all.

Perry Meeker

More Letters, page 6

Erindale Anthropology prof digs to preserve Mississauga history

by Carolyn Jackson

Gary Crawford, an Archaeology professor who has been serving the Anthropology Department at Erindale College since 1979, has expressed his concerns about preserving Mississauga's archaeological heritage.

According to Crawford, "the whole Credit Valley and Mississauga is one of the few areas in Ontario almost unknown to archaeology."

When asked why Mississauga's heritage should be preserved, Crawford stated that, "Pre-history is one component of community identity. It's part of what we are. That identity is not strictly defined by here and now but deals with what went on before us."

Crawford is also the vice-president of the Mississauga Heritage Foundation which has exisited in Mississauga for over two decades.

Due to a letter sent by Crawford to Mississauga's mayor, Hazel McCallion informing her of his interest, the foundation, whose purpose is to aid in preserving Mississauga's archaelogical heritage, has been granted permission by City Council to create an archaeology committee and engage in policy making.

Crawford expanded on the role of the foundation, saying, "Its role is to essentially raise the interest in heritage in Mississauga and to educate about heritage in Mississauga."

In addition to the bones, stone tools and pottery that have been discovered on Mississauga's archaeological sites, many old campsites and villages have also been found. Professor Crawford noted that, "There are Indian villages in Mississauga that date back to about 1000 A.D. and small campsites dating back to about eight thousand years."

He also went on to speak about The Cherry Hill House by Cawthra Road and Highway five, which was moved from its original site to a new one in order to construct a by-pass.

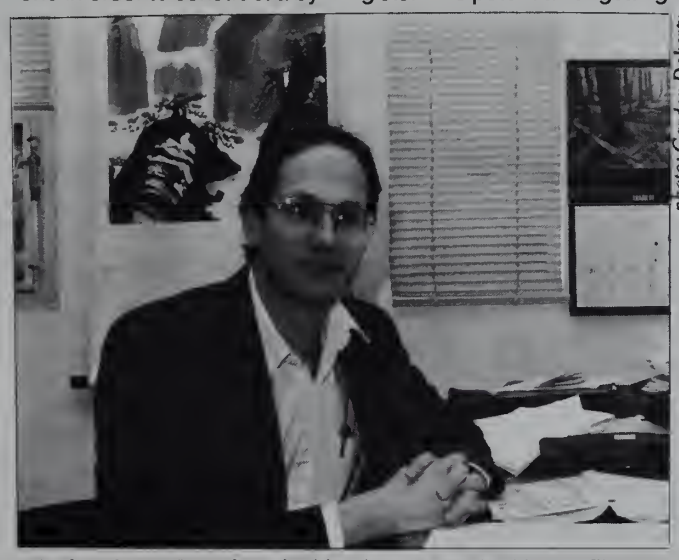


photo: Gordon Doherty

Archaeologist Gary Crawford has been recognized by the City of Mississauga for his efforts at preserving local heritage

Crawford asserted, " This was an opportunity for archaeologists to investigate the original site. When we excavated it we found things no one has ever recorded. We excavated in the front yard and found a garbage dump dating back to the nineteenth century."

Crawford explained that the house gave some important information such as the significance of preservation when he said, "We wouldn't have known that had they put a bulldozer to the house and knocked it down."

Although archaeology can put bits and pieces of information together and make major findings, this is not without a price.

Professor Crawford explains, " The current process leads to more bad feelings between the development companies and archaeologists. The potential for getting into some really messy legal situations are great."

Crawford hopes that in the near future Mississauga will pattern Waterloo, Kingston and Toronto by developing archaeological programs which have not been implemented in most municipalities in the province.

He believes that this will significantly decrease conflicting interests between developers and archaeologists and thereby produce some positive results right here in Mississauga.

Generous grad students give large gift to College

by Steve Satchel

Erindale College will be the beneficiary of $11 000 thanks to the U of T's Graduating Student Gift campaign.

All of the money raised will go directly to Erindale and will be used to furbish a study hall in the proposed new academic building. The hall will be donated in the name of the graduates who pledged funds.

Shelly Arnott, the coordinator of the campaign at Erindale was pleased.

"I am really happy with the turnout. It is much better than previous years. Hopefully, it will be a good lead off for future years, now that people know about it," she said.

The Campaign, designed and run by students, provided students who are graduating from each academic division with an opportunity to support a gift to their College or Faculty. According to Arnott, this year' efforts undertook a complete overhaul of the campaign structure and with University support have placed students in charge at every level.

Each College or Faculty Graduating Class Chair led a committee of graduating students who designated a gift, designed a campaign for their division, and undertook peer-to-peer solicitations.

The pledges made by students will be collected over a three year period beginning in the spring of 1989. This year's funded gifts range from a CD player in the Faculty of Music to a Bursary in the Faculty of Law.

Arnott stressed that it is not too late to make donations. The campaign does not end until March 28. So far, $130 000 has been raised U of T wide.

GC Reform means no more "rubber stamp"

U of T's Governing Council (GC) unanimously approved fundamental changes in its unicameral structure last week.

The alterations include the creation of a faculty Academic Board, reform allowing GC to initiate and amend administrative proposals, more stringent conflict of interest guidelines and the granting of more autonomy to a number of GC boards, including the Academic Board, Business Board and University Affairs Board.

The most substantial alteration is that for the first time since 1971 Governing Council will actually be able to act as a legislative body at U of T. Complaints have been frequent in recent years that Governing Council acts as a "rubber stamp" for the policies of the Administration, according to SAC Commisioner Briar Burchell.

It is hoped that these changes will make GC more accountable to its constituents by granting representatives more input and power in policy setting.

At the same time, however, there was no mention of reform in the way of representation. It has been along standing complaint of the suburban campusues that they lacked an equitable voice on U of T's highest governing body.

One last kick at the cat, and just about everyone else

Steve's Side

This is the end,
There is no more,
Now I can drink,
'Till I'm on the floor.
We're at the end,
I mean no more,
This last column is no chore.

Aloha. This is the last Steve's Side, ever (I promise). Whether you loved my powerful prose or despised my snarly syllables, I would like to say thanks for staying tuned.

In this, my last endeavour, I have a few things that I would like to get off my stomach (I hate cliches). Here are a few thoughts on a number of topics:.

1)**ECSU:** Most of the directors work very hard and it shows. On the whole they have done a good job this year. It almost makes me feel bad about being the first vulture to search for corpses when they screw up. Almost. A suggestion: How about changing the name to Erindale *Campus* Student Union - let's shake off this community college image we have.

2)**SAC:** Hacks! I am compiling a list of the 40 odd confused voters (chaps) at Erindale, and those who forgot to exercise their democratic right. Shutdown.

3)**ECC:** More than once this year Erindale's highest governing council spent twenty minutes or more arguing about a sub-amendment to an amendment to a motion. I understand why they think in four year rather than in annual terms. You could write a book here on HOW NOT TO RUN A MEETING.

4)**Governing Council:** How about some real reform? It is time every campus at UofT had their own representative.

5)**George Connell:** I saw his house last week. (Rosedale, of course). Nice. It is worth at least five mil. I think UofT should sell it and donate the bucks to Erindale. By the way, I'd like to thank George for promising Erindale a whopping 3% of U of T's 100 million dollar fund raising campaign. Special thanks for telling us we have to raise it on our own. You're all heart.

6) **Responsible Journalism:** Otherwise known as, "The most overused phrase on this campus." Campus papers are here to offer opinion not just the facts. How many of you would pick the paper up otherwise?

Let's face it. We are not the Globe and Mail, we are not supposed to be, and we don't try to pretend that we are. At least *medium II* does not disguise opinion as news. We are blatant about it. Now the Varsity... well, just take a gander at their AIDS issue.

At least they had a decent Sports Columnist last week.

7) **The Critics, the Stevebashers, the "I could do better people:"** Welcome to *medium II*. I don't recall seeing your face before. You like to write letters but you say this paper is not a student's forum. Who else would let you spew 250 words of hate literature in 7 000 newspapers for free?

8)**The little Narly News Nerd - Steve:** Steve writes an OPINION column, which is at least 50% tongue in cheek. Sometimes the column is good. Sometimes it's bad. Sometimes it says what is called for. Sometimes it does not. I don't write "A" essays all the time either.

I guess that's it. I look forward to your letters.

medium II

PERSPECTIVE

"Nuclear Erindale" column should be blown up

Dear Editor:

Steve Stachel's article, "How about a nuclear Erindale" is the worst journalism we have come across in recent memory. Mr. Satchel's brand of humour is neither humorous (n)or necessary.

One can live what Mr. Satchel calls, "a sheltered existence" at university with a full realization that the real world looms around every corner. One is only sheltered when one wants or chooses to be so. Erindale exists within Canadian realities.

The realism of Canada in 1988 is neither a) money (n)or b) military as Mr. Satchel so sarcastically claims. The days of Trudeau Liberalism have left Canada with a military lacking in manpower, funds, and up-to-date equipment. The reality is that Canada's military has been sorely neglected and ignored for the past 20 years.

The Hon. Perrin Beatty's plan for the purchase of 10 nuclear subs, as outlined in the 1987 Defense White Paper, is merely one part of an attempt to bring Canada's military back into the realm of reality.

Mr. Satchel's sarcastic link between university underfunding and military spending is both illogical and downright obtuse. Canada's Military establishment is affected by underfunding just as surely as are our universities.

The proposal to start up a hand grenade factory at Erindale is not funny or in good taste. Hand grenades and other weapons are tools of destruction that should not be taken lightly.

Your energies used in sarcastic remarks directed towards Professor Morton could be devoted to better sources; such as improving the quality of *medium II*.

Dr. Morton has done more and fought harder for Erindale than most. His courses are also more interesting and more informative than *Steve's Side*.

It is also doubtful that Erindale will ever make R.M.C. look like a playground. Erindale is a playground in comparison to R.M.C. and it always will be.

Mr. Stachel's column was in bad taste and should not have been published. *medium II*'s reputation suffers when it prints such offensive material.

John Halls
Andrew Thexton

Forget about elections: let's make Erindale safer at night

Dear Editor:

Now that all the ballyhoo concerning elections has fallen by the wayside, allow me to raise an issue that I believe has been overlooked.

Many people are actively involved in numerous activities at Erindale Colllege, but not all of these people live on campus. Fine, that is a luxury that can not be granted to all students, and unfortunately a fact of life. But shouldn't the College at least do it's best to provide us, the paying student population, with a bit of security?

I'll outline the problem more specifically.

Not everything that happens at Erindale ends at 5:00 pm. Not everyone has a car (despite what Hempel seems to think, not everyone can afford one either) and to wait for the bus is a cruddy thing in itself. But for those of us who venture home at night, in the dark, waiting for, and hoping that the transit will actually show up, can be a very frightful experience.

I'm talking about the bus shelter by Colman Place. It is very close to Mississauga Rd. and the easy accessibility of this campus is an absolute joke. Anyone, from anywhere, can walk in at anytime, and do anything.

Is it too much to ask that the lights along the Inner Circle be repaired, as well as installing some further lighting in other parts of the campus? (etc . . . entrances to phases, main building doorways...)

There are so many people who contribute to the Erindale community. It is time that we got back some basic consideration.

Diana Rechichi
Assistant Manager, CFRE

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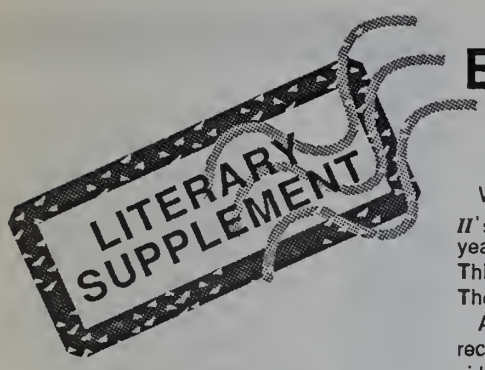


Erindale's Pens and Things of a Similar Nature, So Long as They are Used to Write Stuff.

Welcome to the 1988 version of *medium II*'s Literary Supplement, called - for this year, at least - **Erindale's Pens and Things of a Similar Nature, So Long as They are Used to Write Stuff.**

A large number of submissions were received this year, with a number of individuals submitting more than one piece of work - substantially more than one piece of work. As a result of the enthusiastic response, some of the submissions could not be published. Perhaps next year we will be justified in handing out prizes, who knows?

A million thank-yous to the people who submitted works, and we hope that you, the reader, enjoy what your fellow students have to offer.

Don't fall in love, now.

Between the Double-Glass

The floating heart dangles on a chain
Never quite settling in the center
The floating though bumps around the brai
Never quite reaching who it was meant for

there's a dream between the double-glass
locked inside
nowhere to hide

The rusty trap clamps on furry paw
Grinding crunch as bone and steel unite
The dusty clap echoes on the hollow jaw
Helpless cry of non-essential fight

endless dream between the double-glass
still inside
trying to hide

My eyes are the prisoner of the light
Searing burning passage to the deep
My lies have never felt the pure of night
Wanting, yearning never earning sleep

it's my dream between the double-glass
trapped inside
too scared to hide

Judith Brookes

The Running
A very short short story by P.F. Martin

From my tiny office in the mercury-mirrored tower, I had a clear view of the street below. It was one of those ultra-modern-type buildings, like the sunglasses in the beer commercials; you could look out but nobody could see the eyes within.

Anyway, I'd spend a good portion of my day staring at the concrete vortex that was the street. The cars, the people, the incessant drone that is an archetype of urban life. Everything moved in straight lines and at right angles. Even the jaywalkers were consistent.

And then there was the man. I don't know who he was, but one day he came flying down the street. Blue shirt tails billowing, bare feet smacking the hot, dry asphalt. With strange directed artistry, he wove in and out among the traffic. Horns and the squeal of brakes phased him not at all.

I could see him laugh. He leaped and bounded with a joy that contradicted the stark reality of my steel and glass-bound existence. Through the infectious euphoria, however, I knew it could not last; that the world would not hold still for me or for the man. Like straws, our brief rebellion would only slow the fan blades.

It was a late model Plymouth sedan (I don't remember the colour, Officer) that finally stopped him - dead. The only colour I remember was that of the spot on the street. It was red. I was reminded of a poem by a guy I knew in high school, "I think he's happy, he made his mark/ the water-trucks don't come 'till dark.'

"I'm taking you home to meet my daddy" (the inconsequential King of Sleeze)

While guarding the Royal vault,
chauvinist pigs with
brains the size of walnuts
whistled at the
buxom blonde Elke Sommerlike
princess
who later cornered
one she thought was responsible
in a passageway
and said to the innocent

"I'm taking you home to
meet my daddy"
(the inconsequential King of
Sleeze)

who exiled him
who later overthrew him who
had exiled him,
and when he asked his
old friends, the royal guards,
if he was missed, they exclaimed
"but it didn't really matter
when you vanished,
now shut up and eat
your pocketlint soup."

Finn Lovsted

FIVE MINUTES WITH: THOMAS
By Steve J. Szigeti

The thing about doing a gig at George's is respect. A week long stint at George's is a fair indication of one's place in the Toronto jazz community. Sure, the sound may not be the greatest, and the crowd is often loud enough to drown the music in a river of voices, but the place has atmosphere and more importantly, it has character. Sure, Bird didn't hang out here, neither did Miles or Trane, but if you grew up in Toronto like I did, it was THE place.

I always like sitting in George's before it actually opens, thinking about things before having to play. Sometimes, I think I think too much. It's as though my brain contained a sieve that carefully sifted through every thought that came into my head before letting it pass through. Tablecloth patterns, urinals, chalkboards, drifting cigarette smoke, Jewish women, barstools. They all pass through the sieve and wind up God knows where. Not that I forget everything, mind you.

"But, are you ever going to get a real job? Something with security?" said Tahndi. That was when she told me she was leaving me. Flying to Montreal in two hours to meet an artist friend. Some Italian. They met at the Ottawa Arts Conference, she said. He liked her body. She liked his mouth. A true Venus, he told her. Created to be captured on canvas.

His canvas.

My Tahndi.

I'd like to see him fit her on a canvas. It's not that she was that fat, but spending a night on a single bed with her was out of the question.

Regardless, I've found someone else to take up the space on my bed, Jennifer Thakeray. Things are a lot smoother with her, especially since my new place only has a single bed (bought for fifteen bucks from the landlord). She's not what you could call the brainiest girl - she spends her weekends travelling to sporting games with a big white sign. All that's written on it is John 3:18. Something from the Bible, she told me.

We spent last weekend (I guess there were no sporting events in the area) at my new place. Near Bathurst and Bloor. Nine walls of crumbling plaster, trendy brick, dark grey glass, seven pieces of furniture (all stylishly mismatched), a few families of roaches, and Henry. He's a white mouse who lives beneath my fridge. I was feeding Henry last weekend as Jennifer read me the Bible.

"It's beautiful" she said of it, " Think of all your problems, all your worries and concerns. Well, they're all answered here. Every one." I asked her if it said anything about thinking too much. She gave me a perplexed look and started reading Ecclitastics or something like that.

I turned my attention back to the mouse, watching the ball of white fur creep from beneath the fridge and snatch a small piece of cheese. I wondered if the mouse had need for a Bible. Or for a woman who seemed obsessed with teaching it to me.

"I can't help but feel sorry for you", Jennifer said, closing the book. Discouraged. "The beautiful world that you're missing out on". The look of pity on her face really bothered me. Was there something wrong with my life? Some deep darkness in my soul, some hidden Freudian past, that was only now surging to the surface?

"What would you like for dinner?" Jennifer asked as she walked into the kitchen.

"Christ, I don't know", I said. I wasn't hungry. For every piece of cheese I tossed Henry, I ate a few slices.

"Would you mind, please, not using the Lord's name in vain!" I think she looked angry. I can't figure her out. When she's mad it's shit this, asshole that - but never Christ. Ah well, that's something my sieve isn't prepared to deal with.

"You know, I was thinking of moving back in with Peter." She looked like she had been waiting awhile to tell me that one. I looked up from my cheese at her. I didn't feel a thing. I wasn't angry or happy or anything. I just didn't care.

"Aren't you gonna say anything?" she asked, crossing her arms. Something about the way she stood in the doorway made her look sexy (which she rarely does). I just looked at her and finally said "Why?", although I honestly didn't care.

"Oh Thomas, don't be mad at me. Please, don't be bitter. I've been thinking about it for awhile and I decided it would be the best; the best for me and for you. I mean you've got your music and all. You don't really need me around do you?"

She had a point there. I watched the mouse poke his head out from the fridge. I tore off some cheese and threw it towards him.

"Oh Thomas, please don't be this way. Please talk to me." I looked up at her, hoping she wasn't going to break into hysterics. She did look sexy though. I looked towards the mouse.

"Jennifer, if you think it's for the best, then do it. I shouldn't stand in your way, or hold you down." God, I make myself laugh sometimes. It really wasn't me talking.

"Oh Thomas, you're so understanding. How do you do it?" she was smiling. "We can go to bed together one more time if you'd like". She bit her lower lip and I started laughing. She was pathetic. Next thing I know there were shit's and asshole s flying all over the place. She picked up her bible and...

SLAM.

She was gone.

I shook my head to bring me back to the present just as Cliff walked in. He was a

(Five Minutes with: Martin continued on the next page.)

MORE ON THE NEXT TWO PAGES

medium II

LITERARY?

(continued from page 7)

bass player, left-winger, gay activist, moderate drinker, and all-round asshole. Least that's what I'd heard. I've always gotten along with him. Tonight would be the first time we've played together in over a month. No need to rehearse though, Cliff knew his stuff and we knew each other's style.

"How`s the bible-thumper, gotten you to attend any Sunday school classes yet?" said Cliff. He started laughing, his face a collection of teeth. Maybe there was some truth in what I'd heard about him.

That night I got a phone call at three in the morning. I switched on my lamp in time to catch the dark shadows of the fleeing roaches. It was Jennifer.

"I'm sorry Thomas" she started. "Can I come by to see you?"

"Now?" I asked.

"Well, do you mind? Peter kicked me out and I've got nowhere else to go."

"Ya, sure" I mumbled.

I put the phone receiver down and caught Henry out of the corner of my eye scurrying across the floor. Did he ever sleep?

DIDI

You nurture him like a baby
And he needs you like his mother.
But will he never learn?
And will you never learn?
On and on you wait and wait,
For What? For Whom? Forever?
Don't cry.
And don't be sad.
Be happy.
Your boots fit you
And so do his.
What more could you ask for?
For a silly diversion?
Let it pass.
Another will come,
And you can let that one pass too.
If you are bored,
Be thrilled!
From your boredom,
You will be fascinated
And then they will wait for you.

Mona Shahid

Dreams of You

I see, a vision of enchantment,
a vision of great beauty,
I wake up smiling,
From dreams of you...

I hear, a pure and peaceful melody,
a soft and caring voice,
I wake up smiling,
From dreams of you...

I smell, fragrant blossoms in bloom,
the scent of the one I love,
I wake up smiling,
From dreams of you...

I taste, the sweetness of wild honey,
the tenderness of a kiss,
I wake up smiling,
From dreams of you...

I feel, a gentle familiar touch,
the warmth and security of loving arms,
I wake up smiling,
Because,
My dreams came true!

Myra Saraza

My Love

As the waves ebb to and fro,
as sunlight glistens from the crests,
I see a beauty that glows,
I see a simple loveliness.

Her hair as shinny as gold,
her lips as red as cherries,
eyes full of treasures untold,
and a voice that always carries.

She knows not of my love,
for she is so far away,
she flies on the wings of a dove,
how high, I can not say.

She soars in the sky like an ace,
waiting for somewhere to land,
soon she will find that place,
I hope it will be my hand.

Emmy

Haiku

Blessed Issa, what
is this frog on my head? I
have October warts.

Finn Lovsted

There was a trip,
an accident,
before the fall.

Pointed cushions padded the way
stabbing each step
toward an unknown destination
never giving way to the balls of the
traveller's feet,
which bled.

A push,
an accidental shove,
momentary relapses which
merged into one monumental
collapse

The traveller is losing,
the destination remains unknown
and far away. The fall
is imminent.
The weaknesses self-evident

Which path do you take now,
Traveller,
After the fall,
And where will you stay the night,
to tend the unhealable wounds?

Derrick Hempel

Always always I meander throu
the narrow ugly corridors
Sometimes choosing one over a
because I know it would cause
Pain is alluring like that.
It becomes sweet, like the refra
If pain is endured
Then it sometimes feels warm,
like a bath, or a baby's womb,
Or a man's womb.
I trek within feeling the sensati
Knowledge is concrete here,
Enough so to throw me into ecs
As if a blade split a hair on my
But never touched
me

Mona Shahid

La Faim

It takes tolerance
Not to give in to death,
To resist the temptation
How easy just to die.
To keep on living an empty life
Takes patience from an empty
Tolerance...

THE THIRD COMING
by Ronnie Brown

The faded yellow pastel walls of the kitchen needed painting. In fact, everything in the house needed rearranging. Lately, nothing seemed to change, except of course, time.

The laminated clock clinging onto the drab yellow wall counted out time. Not the type of time celebrating the change of seasons or the passage into a new age, but the type of time forever stuck in monotonous rhythm. A rhythm intent on surviving on the same dense beat, the same spiritless sound, echoing the hollowness inside the house.

The woman counted out the pills in rhythm with the clock. Two Gemfibrozils for cholesterol in the blood, two Modurets for blood pressure, one Metoprolol for tension, one Allopurinol for some related blood thing she long ago forgot, and finally three ASD 698 to help combat the gout. No wonder he never acts like he used to, thought the woman as she laid the pills out uniformly in front of his breakfast plate.

"Where's the paper?" snapped the man entering the kitchen.

"Have you checked outside on the porch?"

"I thought you would have done it. You're always up good and early in the morning. Banging pots and rattling dishes, always getting on my nerves. I mean, you can't be that busy in the morning, to fetch the paper for me." balked the man as he headed out to the porch to collect his prized posession.

"What do you mean not busy in the morning?" she called after him. "I cook your breakfast, pack your lunch, iron your work clothes and clean up the mess you always leave behind. How can you say I'm not busy. And you know what what else? I've been doing it for forty-two years now, if you haven't noticed!"

The man re-entered the kitchen thumbing through the paper.

"After all I work hard all day to bring money home so we can live better. I'm tired in the morning, in fact I'm tired when I get home. So I would appreciate it very much if you could do a few little things for me. Like having the paper at the table in the morning!"

"I'm tired too." moaned the woman half-heartedly.

For the last twenty two years she had been tired. Day in and day out, following one command after another, with-

LITERARY?

ttier one
ain.

om vengeance.

f knowledge in its purest form.

terror.
k,

How long do you wait
When nothing has come?
It becomes harder to resist;
You waver by the edge of the sea.
It takes tolerance
Not to give in to death.

n.

Lisa Gray

THE SCORPION
by Finn Lovsted

The scorpion, disturbed from his rest on the floor of the dried, crumbling, man-made swimming pool, crawled into the moonlight to investigate, felt the supplication of a dead man's hand. The scorpion twisted his body at the warmth, continued up the sleeve, the shoulder, the open collared white shirt, the sweaty neck, the prickly chin, where he sat to regard the nose hairs of his friend. The scorpion froze to feel the light wind cross his back as it carried souls into the black, of the night.

He scuttled quickly, impulsively, over the moist lips, the bridge of the nose, and settled there, once more to affirm the lifelessness of his host as he gazed into one open eye, then the other. He paused to consider. It is said, in his world, that to lick the corners of a corpse's eyes is to bind oneself to avenge the death. It ties one to madness, or, eternal unrest in a futile search. And yet the scorpion moved forward to taste the eyes, to test the spell that binds his people, and he licked the red moons from the cold mirrors, scuttled into the darkness.

Climbing out of the pool, over worn tiles, brown grass scraping his belly, the scorpion moved swiftly, silently (to the human ear). The deserted mansion, with wrought iron adornments, was monstrously silhouetted, and the scorpion found himself pulled toward it and its tumbled back garden where the noises of the night chirped and scratched, keeping time with the temperature.

The scorpion, after a time, had to pause to assess a coldness in front of him. It was a solid structure, somewhere between the two illusions of the house and the swimming pool. He kept close to its borders and by the light of the moon was soon able to define a dead rodent. Its tail and head were wet so the scorpion decided the coldness to be a fountain. The scorpion shook, turned left.

He broke into a run to leave that place faster, and zipping over dry ground and something iron, a long-unhinged gate, perhaps, he came to a path of stone. The scorpion scraped against it, continued, but soon stopped. A dark object confronted him. It was four times his size, moved suddenly, unexpectedly. The scorpion followed. He jumped on its leathery skin, ran upward.

There was enough time to sting a hairy leg before a hand came down to hit him twice. The scorpion was sent unwillingly into the darkness to land on his back in a mat of soft weed. A grasshopper flew off in surprise, leaving the scorpion to right himself.

*

On his way home, the scorpion found a second corpse. It lay half in the fountain whose only emission was a trickle of foul, sweet water into a rusty, filmy pond. He ignored the body, decided he wanted to sleep, left it for another scorpion.

---

ut any praise or simple thank-you, accompanied by a nging phrase inside her head, for better or worse. This is ie worst she thought. Nothing could ever get worse.

"I hate salmon sandwiches. How many fuckin' times ave I told you. I hate salmon sandwiches. Why do you sist on shoving them down my throat?"

All through the day, the woman meticulously cleaned ie house, thinking maybe the scent of a freshly vaccumed rug or a sparkling white bathroom sink, could snap er husband around to appreciation. Maybe this is only an scape, to count along with the clock. That must be it, she ought. Maybe I function only to the sound of that damn lock. I wonder what it would be like not having that clock.

"I'm home. I hope dinner is not far off...I'm starved."

"Do you think we could, maybe, go out tonight? I mean e haven't been out of this house in ages."

"What do you mean we never get out? Didn't we go visit our sister two weeks ago. Isn't that getting out of the ouse?"

"I thought we could get away one evening. Maybe go ancing the way we used to."

The man began to laugh. Not an amusing laugh, but a ard sarcastic laugh.

"You've got to be kidding. Do you realize how old we re? Do you have any dignity left? You're talking about pending hard earned cash. And I work too damn hard to hrow it away on something stupid like that!"

"You didn't think so twenty years ago."

"We were stupid and immature then. Think what we ould have done with the money we threw away back then. f we had it now."

She refused to think of the past as part of the future. The past was a happy time, deserving of many fond memories unscathed by any abuses slapped on them now.

"Did we get any mail today?" the man asked sharply.

"I haven't had a chance to check."

"Well don't you think you should? We may find it easier knowing what bills are waiting for us. Honestly woman. Sometimes I wonder if you ever do any thinking."

She wondered if time repeats itself. Would I relive any moment once again? Checking the clock on the wall, she noticed an abscence of sound. The second hand remained frozen in suspend,ed animation, between the numbers 2 and 3. I must check the battery when I come back in. Opening the door out to the porch, the woman let out an astonished cry.

"What the hell are you screaming about?" bellowed the man not wanting to be disturbed from the relaxation he found in the seclusion of his leather easy chair.

"There's a nude man lying on our porch!"

"What?!"

"I said there is a nude man passed out on the porch. What should I do?"

"Phone the police."

"Don't you think we should, maybe bring him inside, or check to see if he's dead?"

"Is he really nude?"

"Yes!" what a stupid question she thought.

"Phone the police!"

"I wish you would get off your lazy butt and come out here and help me!" she pleaded.

The man grudgingly got himself up and began walking out to the porch. Maybe she really does need a night out, he thought, good Christ if she's going to imagine nude men on the porch, what could possibly happen next?

"Good God woman, that man is nude!" responded the surprised man standing on the porch with his mouth gaping open.

"That's what I've been trying to tell you, but you never believe me. What should we do?"

"I'll call the police!"

"NO, don't. I think we should bring him in and put him in the guest room. He may be sick and close to dying."

"Are you out of your mind? You want to bring in the pervert or sex killer into our home?"

She really wanted this man in the house. For once, in such a long time there would be adventure in their lives. In some way this man represented a change, maybe even a key to the future.

"I mean look at his face. He's much too innocent looking to be a killer. I think he needs our help." Her eyes were glazed over with an emotion even her husband in a thousand years would never understand."

"You really want to help this guy." He knew the answer. "I don't believe this is happening. O.K., bring him in the house, but if we wake up dead tomorrow morning this is going to be you're fault!"

"Thank-you. Please pick him up gently. We don't know how bad he is hurt."

For the next two hours the woman had watched him. Counting each breath of the stranger, noticing the breathing to be stronger and stronger as time passed. How innocent he looked in his sleep, like, well, like a newborn. For the first time in the woman's life, she felt like a mother, guarding her child from disease, worrying and hoping for a quick recovery.

"Has he come to life yet?" questioned the man.

"Shh! Not too loud. I think he needs sleep."

"Don't you think it might be wise to call a doctor?"

"No, it's alright. I am perfectly capable of looking after him. He needs me," stated the woman with an authority in her voice the man never recognized before.

"I'm worried you know. What happens if he dies. We might get blamed for it."

"He's not going to die. I'm looking after him. I am the only thing he needs right now. So leave us in peace!"

She began to cradle the stranger in her arms, humming an old lullaby passed down from her mother. For the first time in his life the man felt lonely. His heart felt sorrow, as if his wife had died. He wanted to hold her, long and tight through the night. He gathered up a blanket from the linen closet and tried to sleep on the couch, but it was impossible. All he could hear, all he could feel, was the sound and emotion of his wife draining away in the bedroom, trying to revive a stranger, trying to revive a life. He felt pain and guilt about who he had become. He had destroyed life, and now his wife, his love, was trying to save it. He bowed his head low and cried.

In the morning the nude man was gone. The man woke up, his eyes stinging with tears at least twenty years old. He ran to the bedroom, no sign of wife or stranger. Quickly he turned around, bolting to the kitchen. It became the heaviest and longest run of his life. With each step his heart pounded blood viciously through every vessel. If he never saw his wife again, he would die, this was the feeling throbbing in his body.

As he turned into the kitchen, the clock on the wall was counting time, every second, every minute, every day, every month, every year. The woman was standing by the porch door. Counting time. She was staring off into the distance, wondering. The man wanted to know her every thought, every emotion. He quickly ran over to her, wanting to grasp her, but held back. The woman's vacant look frightened him. The man finally gathered the courage to go over and embrace her. Holding her tight, he began to plead for forgiveness, but all she could ever do for him, was count time.

medium II

FEATURES

CFRE RADIO ERINDALE

by Dana Warmington and Derrick Hempel

CFRE will be evicted from its eighteeen year home so that the area it occupies at Colman Place can "be turned into an extra room or two," according to Dean Brooks. "We would prefer them to move," he said.

Strange but soothing electronic music plays quietly in the production studio of CFRE as Pat Cahill, Station Manager, explains some of the problems the station faces. It is Thursday afternoon which means that Todd Kyle's 'Forbidden Colours' program is being broadcast.

Located in Colman Place, CFRE can boast about the 13 000 records in its library which is the second largest collection in Ontario after CFNY.

The poster collection is quite remarkable as well, and it is on display - some, such as Peter Mansbridge and Images in Vogue, are even autographed.

The clutter of equipment, posters, and records are not a distraction from what Cahill is saying. The fate of CFRE is important to him; it is obvious not only from what he says but by the serious look on his face. Cahill started working for CFRE three years ago on a dare from a friend.

The purple-carpeted station has been a training ground for media personalities such as J.D. Roberts and Brad Giffen

Now, at 23, he holds the top position at the station. He jokes about how he was acclaimed to the position, but maybe the huge responsibility and problems are what scared off any competition.

Cahill describes Dean Brooks as CFRE's "main opponent", adding that Mike Lavelle, Residence Director, "is a very powerful man. His idea is that he is cramped. He wants us out of here."

The purple-carpeted, cluttered and busy station has been a training ground for media personalities such as J.D. Roberts and Brad Giffen. It will be converted to a "temporary infirmary" or a room for "perhaps a guest lecturer," Dean Brooks said.

Pat Cahill was outraged when informed that the new space offered to the station is the Press Box beside the Tuck Shop. "You've got to be kidding," Cahill told administration.

Dean Brooks outlined the positive side of the CFRE move, saying "CFRE is hard to find. If it were in the press hut, it would have a more significant profile on campus. Students would perhaps take a greater interest in it."

It is uncertain when the nearly 100-member organization will move but "the original deadline was to have us moved out by exams," Cahill says. "That's impossible. Nothing is definite, although I'm thinking about condensing the operation."

". . .the original deadline was to have us moved out by exams. That's impossible."

The Press Box is a small,

CFRE Newsclips

CFRE broadcasts to over 5 000 students and 118 000 people over McLean-Hunter Cable

CFRE received its first noise complaint on October 1970 from Prof. T.H. Adamowski

CFRE DJ Julian Higgins is suspended for allegedly smoking marijuana during his show (November 1976)

photo: Gordon Doherty

CFRE has been located at Colman Place since 1970. The administration is pressring CFRE to move out into the old home of ***medium II.***

photo: Norman Saunders

Deejaying at CFRE: it's fun, fast and furious work.

one-room building designed in the same fashion as the Tuck Shop. There is no indoor plumbing. The structure was previously occupied by ***medium II*** for years. Last year's Medium II Board of Directors did not consider it secure. The security was insufficient in terms of alarms and locks.

Cahill says that it may be good "to have a new home and bigger and better distribution," as well as "hopefully a lot of new equipment." But, "optimism can't always reign. Sometimes you've got to be realistic too," he added with conviction.

The station has begun the process of applying for a VLP (Very Low Power) FM licence that would enable radios in the "Erindale Community" to receive CFRE signals from an antenna. This type of licence is designed for remote communities such as those in northern Canada rather than for a college so close to Toronto.

"We are using the licence other than for the designated purposes so we have to fill out a 160 page supplementary application to say why," Cahill explained.

The FM licence application asks for the location of CFRE. Because neither the date nor the location of the move have been confirmed, "we don't know. That hurts," Cahill says.

"Since it [CFRE] is a campus station, without being too eclectic it should educate people."

"It's really tough to plan for the future." CFRE would be the only college station in Canada with this type of licence. "Everyone else is either closed circuit or carrier current," he says.

Music Director Steve Szigeti is another personable member of the CFRE Management. He explains that "the range of the [VLP] antenna [would be] basically the campus and that's it. It's not much stronger than a CB signal."

This new distribution system would be an improvement over the present one which as Cahill says is "in a virtual state of decay." There are wires sending CFRE's signal to two out of the four phases. "They keep getting cut and cut and cut." Cahill says.

"We're wired into the pub but they won't put us on," Szigeti adds.

CFRE can be heard in the Meeting Place and in the North Building as well.

The reason the station does not have a normal FM licence is that the CRTC (Canadian Radio and Telecommunications Commission) regulates how many stations have the same type of programming.

"It would be hard to find something that you don't already get in Toronto", Szigeti says, "the only thing we could do is to have over half of our air time devoted to conversation."

Our news department is so young. It would be almost impossible to switch from music to all news. We have 9 people reading news but that's it. Students are just not interested."

CFRE got its news wire working only very recently. "CIUT [the St. George radio station] has shown that a cable station can work as an FM station although they have had a few problems," Cahill comments.

Explaining his philosophy of CFRE, Szigeti says that, "since it's a campus station, without being too eclectic it should educate people - give them a chance to hear music they normally wouldn't. I don't think we should sound like an AM station."

CFRE has established a "roadshow" component, offering deejaying services for a price. For working an on-campus party, the Roadshow charges around forty dollars. Other events, such as local high school dances, command up to three hundred and fifty dollars.

"If we're going to get screwed, we're not going to move. . . I don't think the administration wants to get into a battle."

"It's expanding," Cahill says of the Roadshow. "It also helps give us a greater presence on campus."

There is room for improvement at CFRE. Cahill says, "we occupy a lot of space up here and we waste a lot of it. It could be a lot better organized and maybe a move would do that. I just don't want administration to say `I'm tired of dealing with you kids; lets find you a new playhouse'," he said without smiling.

Cahill will move on to his new position next year as Academic Director at ECSU. This means that CFRE is in need of a new station manager, one who would be responsible for moving everything out of Colman Place, if the move is going to be forced.

"If we weren't going to move we wouldn't have to worry about getting a Station Manager with sufficient time in the summer," Cahill says. CFRE after the move, for better of for worse, will be a lot different.

Cahill describes the new CFRE as "the tuck shop but with purple carpeting." He goes on to add that he'll be, "pretty damned surprised and pretty damned aggravated," if a move is ordered this year, arguing that there is no real place for the station to go.

"If we're going to get screwed," Cahill states defiantly, "we're not going to move. We can have the backing of ECSU behind us, and I don't think the administration wants to get into a battle like that."

Those are fighting words from a radio station fighting for recognition, a battle it has fought for the last eighteen years.

Erindale's "power station" and the effects of radio waves on Erindalians

CFRE. The breeding ground of radio genius and the genesis of the torturing of the word "eclectic". But it is a special place.

The thing that never ceases to amaze me about Erindale is the incredible scope of activities available to us. Sometimes, we are even paid to have fun. Look at Richard Gray and all the pennies he earned being president this year - aagh!

Sorry. Gotta snuff out those ECSU tangents once in a while, they get a little redundant.

Back to CFRE, Radio Erindale. Not a lot of people know very much about it, including myself, but it is an experience well worth looking into. Where else can you deejay to an audience the size of Phase I? Or the Meeting Place at lunchtime?

Sometimes, while "studying" in the Meeting Place or engrossed in a deeply existential conversation with your pals from ball hockey, you might catch the strains of a CFRE talk show wafting by your ears,

Derrick's debate

telling you all about Safe Sex or how to cook in a radio booth. Or is that safe cooking and . . .

In any event, it is there. CFRE, that is. The most aggravating aspect of it, however, is not its presence, but rather the well-documented phenomenon of volume-desire-denial. There is an inverse relationship between your desire to hear what is on the radio and the volume with which it is blessed.

So, you might get to hear the heavy metal power hour at an intolerable level while the show you really wanted to hear, Maura Crowther's midday news, is left at a pathetic buzz level.

The point, and someone keeps informing me that I have to make one in this column, is that CFRE really is a useful student service, despite the fact that almost no one can listen to it. Yes, I know you can get it on Maclean-Hunter cable, but cable radio is not the most popular medium in existence, and it would put real limitations on your car's travelling ability.

People can work there, learn there, and, this is the key selling point, have fun there. So, they have some problems.

But so do you.

MUG SHOTS.

Chocolate Mug Shot
Hot chocolate
Shot of Southern Comfort
Top with mini-marshmallows

Coffee Mug Shot
Hot black coffee
Shot of Southern Comfort
Teaspoon of sugar
Top with whipped cream

medium II

ENTERTAINMENT

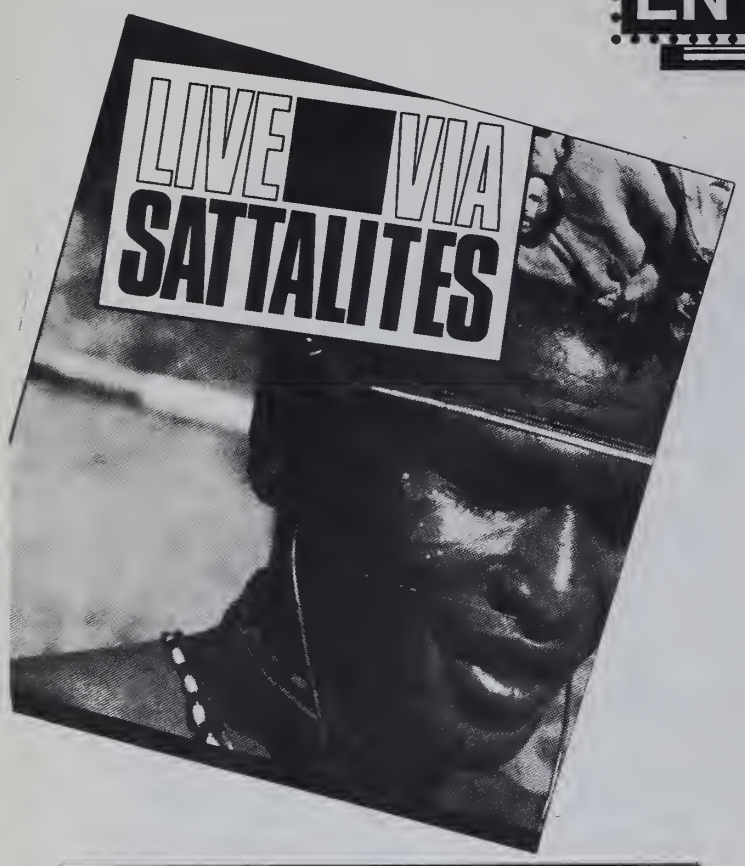


photo: Stephen Parry

Sattalites shook Spigel

by Maura Crowther

"It's great playing to crowds like this, where people can really dance and get hot."
Neville Francis, vocals and guitar—The Sattalites

The Sattalites, League of Nations and Wet Paint cranked up the heat in Spigel Hall last Friday as ECSU sponsored a Student Appreciation Night concert.

Wet Paint, lead by CFRE media superstar Diana Rechichi, electrified the crowd with their innovative cover material and stirring original numbers. Particularly effective was Rechichi's rendition of the Janis Joplin classic *Take Another Piece of My Heart.*

The increasingly 'happy' gathering warmed still further to the "world beat" of League of Nations. Mo Karrouze's gentle vocals were a refreshing counterpoint to the band's uncomprimising African-based sound and clear political message. This was most clearly exemplified in the League's recently released independent single, *Take Away the Sun.*

As the headline act, the Sattalites brought the thoroughly warmed-up audience to its collective feet. It was at this point that things began to get "wicked and wild". While Sattalite lead vocalist Fergus Hambleton turned the crowd on with his soulful sax solos, his predictable front man patter paled next to the irie spontaneity of horn player and dub poet Jo Jo Bennett.

In a conversation prior to Friday's performance, Hambleton and Francis, discussed the band's cooperative orientation and committment to sending their message to the widest possible audience.

To this end, Hambleton takes a particularly realistic approach to "getting the meaning out by being successful with the business". In Hambleton's estimation, there is "no business aspect to music, the music is a business in and of itself. It's unavoidable. You have to accept both."

Hambleton went on to discuss other Reggae-oriented bands who have altered their style in order to appeal to a wider audience. Messenjah's *Crazy* and Third World's leap into funk were raised by Hambleton as examples of bands who have been forced by business concerns and the need to "get airplay on CFTR" to popularize their sound (and perhaps leave off some of their convictions) in an effort to go beyond the relatively narrow framework of the committed Reggae audience.

He freely admits that the Sattalites have actively tried to gear their music to a "top forty market. As a band on an independent label, it would be business suicide for us to do otherwise." Hambleton does not feel, however, that the Sattalites have in any way compromised their artistic integrity.

On the contrary, it is Hambleton's contention that "while business certainly has to enter into decisions, even artistic decisions, we could hardly help any cause we might have if no one was buying our records."

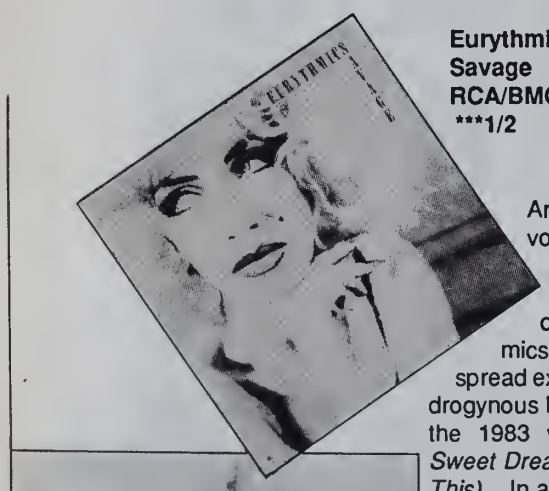
As a result of this highly practical attitude, the Sattalites have managed to infuse a broad range of musical genres—from Calypso and Ska to Mellencamp influences—into their repetoire. This has not in any way dampened the pure Caribbean/Canadian pulse of the Sattalites live performances.

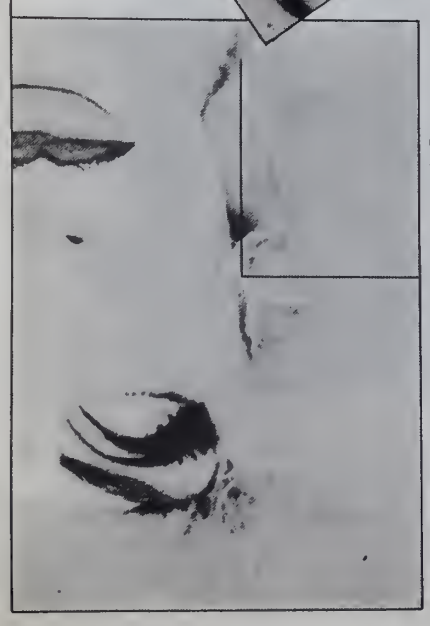
Cooling business interests aside, the ECSU triple bill succeeded in getting people to dance, get hot and , above all, feel extremely "appreciated".

New Eurythmics' *Savage* : Simply their best ever

by Leonard Berman

Eurythmics
Savage
RCA/BMG
*****1/2**





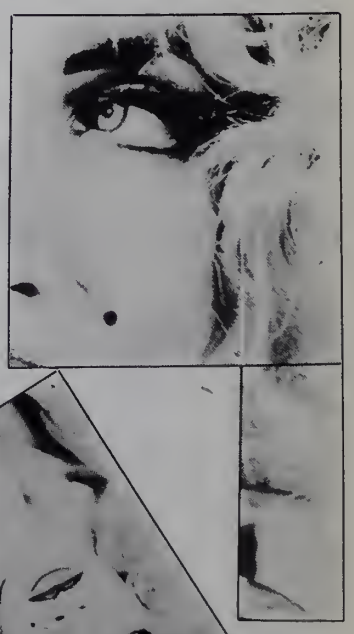
Annie Lennox, the voice and principal figure of the British synth-pop duo the Eurythmics, first gained wide spread exposure as the androgynous businessperson in the 1983 video for the hit *Sweet Dreams (Are Made Of This).* In a similar vein, *Savage* revels in blatant sexual ambiguity as Lennox affects a diversity of masculine and feminine voices throughout this formidable twelve song collection.

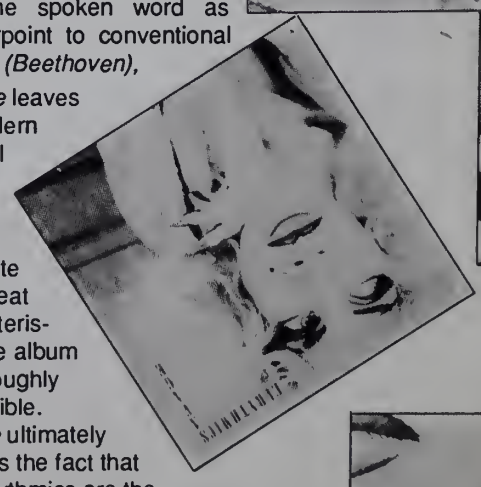
A dissatisfaction with modern day society and the role women play in that society pervades the album as a whole. The title track conjures up the image of a dormant suburban savage with its protagonist-housewife dispassionately lamenting her lifestyle and proclaiming "These are my guns / These are my furs / This is my living room" to the sung accusation of "savage". This scathing indictment of society's subjugation of women recurs in songs like *I Need A Man,* where Lennox affects the tone of a man-hater. While the video depicts Lennox in a sexy '50's style dress and bleach blond wig to mimic Marilyn Monroe, the vocals are decidedly masculine and angry. In a Tom Waits/Mick Jagger-style hoarse voice, Lennox demands "I don't need love . . . I need a man" and goes on to rail against men in general. To complement its Jagger-influenced vocals, Lennox's sidekick Dave Stewart embellishes the tune with some Rolling Stones-style guitar riffs.

On *Shame,* a tirade against the current fascination with ultra-chic materialism, Lennox states "shame on the TV and the media . . . the dance halls and the cinema" . . . to the public sentiment response, "we love you". Other songs critique pseudo-intellectualism sardonically. *I Need You* is a deliberately amateurish, coffeehouse ballad while *Beethoven (I Love To Listen To)* features Lennox alternating between a delicate and strident voice while singing the title refrain to a harsh hard rock guitar accompaniment. Lennox goes on to display great versatility as she belts out such peppy cuts as *Do You Want To Break Up?* and *I've Got A Lover (Back In Japan)* as well as she whisper-sings the minimal lyrics to a pulsating dance track like *Heaven.* The album closes optimistically with *Brand New Day,* a breezy testimony to taking life one day at a time.

As it spans a diversity of lyrical topics and experiments with the spoken word as counterpoint to conventional singing *(Beethoven),* *Savage* leaves no modern musical stone unturned.

Despite its offbeat characteristics, the album is thoroughly accessible. *Savage* ultimately confirms the fact that the Eurythmics are the definitive purveyors of aesthetically and intellectually redeeming pop.





ENTERTAINMENT

Entertainment Awards at Erindale

by Hywel Morgan

Welcome, Ladies and Gentlemen, to the first annual Erindale College Academy Awards. Here are the awards for best picture - outstanding achievement in cinematographic preservation of our rich on-campus culture. And the nominees are . . .

Fatal Attraction. Instead of doing his final essay, an Erindale student cannot pass up pub night. Lured in by the promise of cold beer and hot women, he meets the full-bodied girl of his dreams. Unfortunately she turns out to be more psychotic than Khaddafy, and has an unrelenting will that makes Margaret Thatcher look like a meals-on-wheels lady. He unwittingly takes her home where she tears up his essay and boils his pet rabbit. His girlfriend was definitely not very pleased.

Broadcast News. A hot shot new CFRE station manager with no brains falls for the voluptuous blond program coordinator. However, he is unaware she is secretly being pursued by the 1-4 p.m. D.J.

The Last Emperor. The story of Principal Desmond Morton, and his destiny to become leader of this great college. However, Erindale is taken over in a glorious right wing revolution. Professor Morton is forced to end his career teaching a Canadian history survey course, HIS 262Y.

Hope and Glory. The coming of age story of two female frosh . . . Hope and Glory. The girls struggle their way patriotically through the war zone of tests, essays, and lectures. This movie is actually a foreign entry from Scarborough College.

Moonstruck. A passionate love story of two rez students. He is a third year computer sci. major from phase 3, she is a first year Art History major from phase 1. They are forced to meet secretly in the phase 3 laundry room. Mostly because of the social norms they are breaking, and because that is where the condom machine is. . . .

And the winner is . . . well, does it really matter? You know these things are always fixed anyway. Undoubtedly, Principal Morton's film is going to walk away with the whole enchilada.

Spectrum Sizzles

by Anna Butt

The Spectrum boasts one of the best light shows in the city. Formerly a theatre, this three-year-old club is packed with dance-until-dawn club-goers every weekend.

The dance floor is located under an array of continuous flashing, spinning lights. On-lookers can sit at tables bordering the dance floor or can venture upstairs to have a great view of the action. You can peek over the balcony to see the gyranting bodies or mingle with the beautiful people upstairs.

The music selections are loud re-mixed dance hits and the clientele is mostly of the 20- to 30-year-old age group. You might even catch a glimpse of a Toronto Maple Leaf or two.

This is an upscale club which has great music, stunning lights and a good crowd.

Spectrum is located at 2714 Danforth (Danforth and Main) in the Beaches and the cover charge is $7.

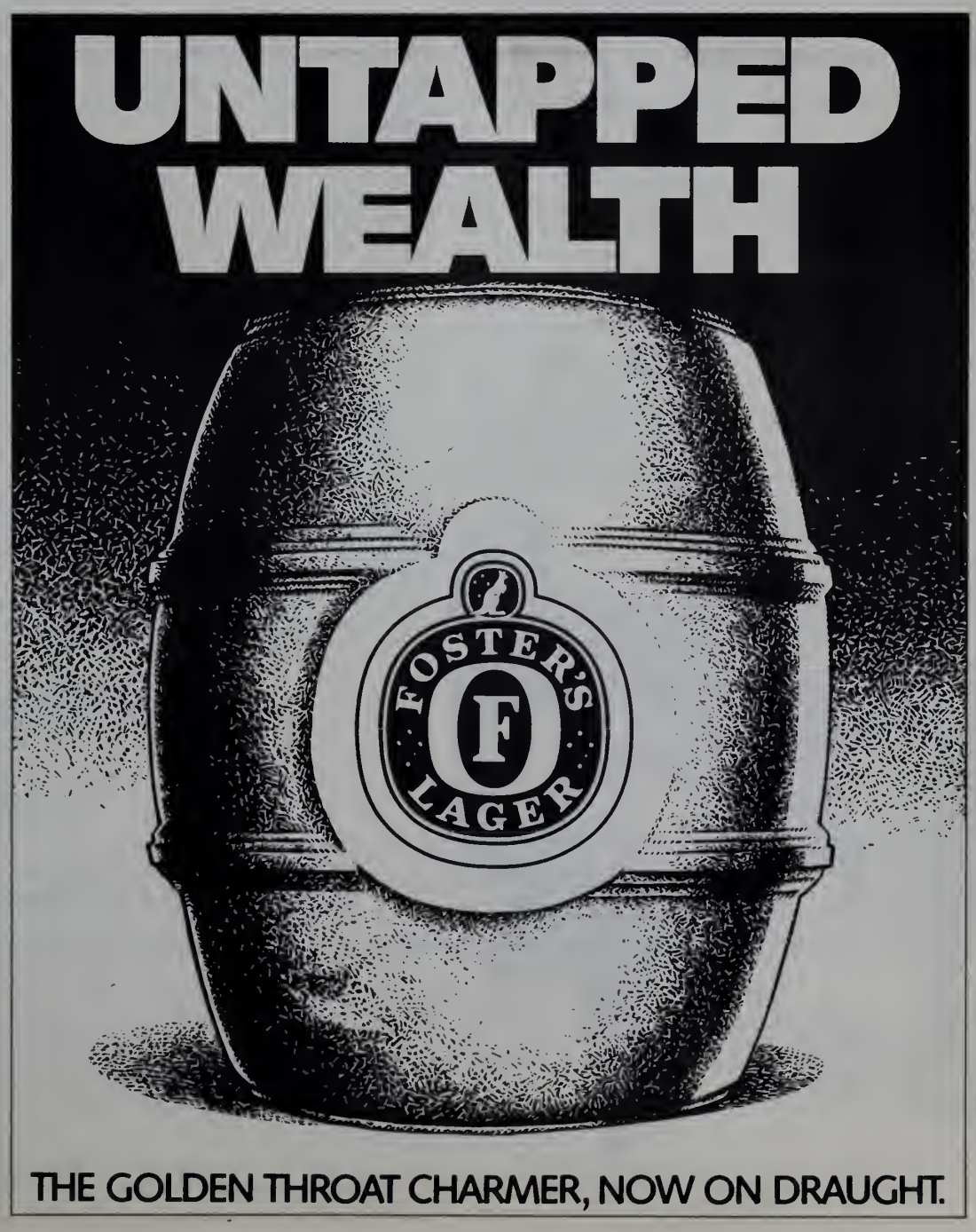
PlayList

CFRE

Top 20 Rotation Albums for the week of Mar. 29-April 5 '88

	Artist	Title
1.	The Pursuit of Happiness*	Killed by Love
2.	Midnight Oil	Diesal and Dust
3.	R. Hitchcock & the Egyptians	Globe of Frogs
4.	Tonio K.	Notes from the Lost Civilization
5.	Brian Russell	Get Here
6.	Think Out Loud	Self-Titled
7.	Big Pig	Bonk
8.	The Pogues	If I Should Fall from the Grace of God
9.	Talking Heads	Naked
10.	Images in Vogue*	The Spell
11.	Family Plot	Convictions
12.	Weather Permitting*	Into the Ground
13.	Johnny Hates Jazz	Turn Back the Clock
14.	Michael Brecker	Self-Titled
15.	Blvd.*	Boulevard
16	Various	For No Apparent Reason
17	Sinead O'Connor	The Lion & the Cobra
18.	The Christians	Self-Titled
.	Joni Mitchell*	Chalk Marks In a Rain Storm
20.	League of Nations	Uncensored

*Denotes Canadian
Tune in — CFRE 91.9 Cable FM - Request Line 828-5411



medium II

SPORTS

Banquet pays tribute to Erindale's finest

by Bruce Seago

Last Saturday most of Erindale's finest athletes gathered at the Holiday Inn in Etobicoke for the 21st annual ECARA awards banquet.

It's the one night a year that Erindale's jocks and jockettes leave their sweatpants at home and don their finest duds to pay tribute to themselves and their teammates.

After a fine roast beef dinner, it was time to get down to the nitty gritty of handing out the awards.

Several students were awarded for their contribution to refereeing throughout the year. Stive Farronato, John Kajin, and Lino Ventresca were honoured as referees of the year, as were Mona Jones And Teresa Kowalczyk.

Interfaculty participation awards were given to athletes in their respective year accumulating the most points through interfaculty participation. Receiving an ECARA pin for first year male students was Craig Bartlett, second year: Bart Arsenault, third year: Anthony Koves, and for fourth year was Glenn Moore. Kim Sutherland was the top female for first year students, Mona Jones for second years, Helen Kim for third year, and April Tomczak pulled in the honours for fourth year students.

Also honoured were Erindale's championship teams. Women's field hockey, ice hockey, and volleyball, as well as men's lacrosse and squash received their championship trophies.

(See Athletes, page 16)

Men's Interfaculty MVP's

Soccer Div I - Stive Farronato
Soccer Div II - Hany Hosny
Football - Pete Andruski
Rugby Div I - Cormac McCarthy
Rugby Div II - Mark Pagliacci
Lacrosse - Fred Hoffman
Ice Hockey Div I - Steve Yakimoff
Ice Hockey Div II - Steve Deputat
Ice Hockey Div III - Dave Sargeant & Larry Glugosh
Volleyball Div I - Rupi Badwal
Volleyball Div II - Muzaffar Quraishi
Basketball Div I - Bob Little
Basketball Div II- Peter Stratton
Waterpolo - Glenn Moore
Squash Div I - Mark McKeown
Squash Div II - Sanjay Kalra
Rowing - Varsity - Olaf Saliba

Raiders grab ball hockey crown from Dropouts - again

by Bruce Seago

Always a bridesmaid - never a bride. For the third year in a row, Soon to be Dropouts came up short in their bid for the coveted Erindale ball hockey crown. The Dropouts were defeated two games to one, as the Raiders were able to successfully defend their title.

The first game of the series saw lots of end-to-end action, but with both teams playing somewhat conservatively. The Dropouts were able to take advantage of a powerplay advantage to take 2-1 lead, on goals by Frank Lovett and Dom Falcone. Adriano Mirabelli gave the Dropouts a 3-1 lead in the second half. Dennis Power answered for the Raiders to pull them within a goal, but the Dropouts were able to hang on as time ran out to take the first game.

The second game saw lots more end-to-end action as both teams sought to control the game. The Raiders jumped out to a quick two goal lead, on goals by Mike Kalapaca and Dennis Power. The Dropouts didn't play dead though, as they came roaring back with a slew of goals.

Adriano Mirabelli started the scoring for the Dropouts and John Kajin managed to pump a pair.

The play began to tighten up late in the game as Rich Clements and Kevin Dowling scored for the Raiders but Stive Farronato replied for the Dropouts to send the game into overtime tied at 4-4. Mike Kalapaca saved the Raiders from defeat by popping in the winning goal to tie the series and send it a third and deciding game.

In the third game, the Raiders jumped out to a quick 2-0 lead before Dropouts knew what was happening. Mike Kalapaca continued to be the Dropouts nemesis by scoring both of the Raiders goals.

Joe Nigro and Frank Lovett got the Dropouts back in the game but not before Steve Yakimoff scored to give the Raiders a 3-2 lead. The Dropouts managed to tie the game with 2 seconds left in the half on a long shot by Glen Mackenzie that fooled Raider goalie Larry Tyndall.

This game was similar to the others as both teams were

(See Raiders, page 16)

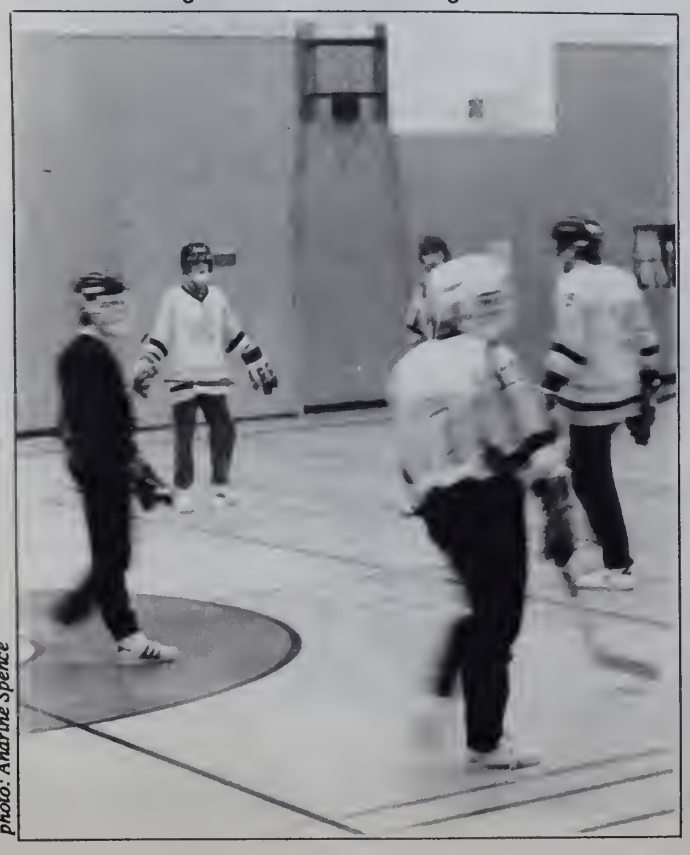


photo: Andrine Spence

1988-89 E.C.A.R.A. Council

President & Men's Intramural Representative - **Trevor Wilkshire**

Vice President & Women's Student Body Representative - **Lynda Bedard**

Men's Interfaculty Representative- **Christopher Wood**

Women's Interfaculty Representative- **Mona Jones**

Women's Intramural & Co-Ed Representative - **Helen Kim**

Men's Student Body Representative - **Christopher Melidoniotis**

Club's Representative - **Teresa Kowalczyk**

Instruction Representative - **Jennifer Powell**

Erindale Representative to the Department of Athletics & Recreation Committee - **Bart Arsenault**

Director of Athletics - **Dr. Robert Ryckman**

Faculty Advisor - **Dr. Gary Crawford**

Staff Advisor - **Mr. Ed Scarlett**

ECSU Presents

Erindale College Student Union
University of Toronto
828-5249

AIR BAND AIR BAND AIR BAND AIR BAND AIR BAND AIR BAND

8 Bands rival for the title of Erindale's #1 Air Band.

Wednesday, March 30th
TOMORROW !! 8:00 pm
$1.00 in the Blind Duck

CFRE Management Hirings
Positions available:

Station Manager
Assistant Manager-Finance
Assistant Manager-Programming
Technical Director
Advertising Director
Road Show Director
Music Director
News Director
Assistant Programme Director
Production Director

Deadline: April 1, 88

Orientation '88

WE WANT YOU
to be a floater or a leader for next year's orientation. Watch for more details or drop into ECSU.

87-88...BETTER THAN EVER

medium II

SPORTS

Athletes honoured for fine efforts

(continued from page 14)

A long list of people were presented with their Athletic 'E' for acculumulation of 50 paticipation points, and a select few received their Special 'E' for attaining 100 points.

Two administrative awards were given out to Esther Somogyi and Dr. Gary Crawford for their contribution to the Erindale athletic program over the years.

Balraj Grewal was named men's intamural athlete of the year and Laurie St. Amant was honored as female intramural athlete of the year.

The evening culminated with the presentation of male and female athletes of the year. The J.J. Rae Trophy was presented to Lisa Lachance as the female athlete of the Year. Lachance had participated basketball, flag football, and hockey, to name a few, and was also a member of ECARA council. Glenn Moore was presented with the J. Tuzo Wilson Trophy as the male athlete of the year. Mr. Moore was active in lacrosse, waterpolo, soccer, volleyball and a myriad of intramural sports.

All in all it was a fine evening to pay tribute to Erindale's athletes.

Women's Interfaculty MVP's

Soccer - Judy Young
Field Hockey - Julie Cole & Holly Lucas
Innertube Waterpolo - Danielle Hurst
Flag Football - Mona Jones
Basketball - Jackie Green
Volleyball Div I - Mary Ellen Jones
Volleyball Div II - Chris Holubowsky
Ice Hockey - Mona Jones
Rowing - Jennifer Alls

Raiders foil Dopouts bid for title second year in a row

(continued from page 14)

determined to win. The Dropouts came out flying in the second half as Kosi Sivasankaran and Frank Lovett popped in goals to give the Dropouts a 5-3 lead.

The Raiders refused to give up, and Ken Hanfeld managed to score to give the Raiders the lift they needed. A few minutes later Rich Clements scored on a long shot from the point to tie the game 5-5 and send it into yet another overtime.

Mike Kalapaca continued to haunt the Dropouts as he popped in the winning goal only 5 seconds into overtime. There was jubilation on the part of the Raiders and despair on the part of the Dropouts. Well, there's always next year.

This brings to a close another fun and exciting season of ball hockey and, well, I'm glad it's over.

photo: Andrine Spence

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